

THE * WEEKLY * RAY.

IT SHINES TO BRIGHTEN THOSE WHO PAY.

VOL. IV. No. 19. SHELLVILLE, CAL., JULY 5, 1890. WHOLE No. 73.

THE WEEKLY RAY,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At Shellville, Sonoma County, Calif.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THE Fourth of July is a day which marks one of the grandest events in the history of our country; a day which should be celebrated by every loyal and liberty-loving citizen in the Union. The rising generation of America appears to have taken good hold of the spirit of patriotism so characteristic of our forefathers and they will no doubt make the Fourth a day which will ever remind us of the earlier days of our country.

The RAY is one of the many who take pride in this spirit of patriotism. It is only a small

paper, but radiates a true spirit of American independence from every line and leaf. In order to do full justice to the occasion we take pleasure in presenting our readers with an enlarged edition, which we hope they will preserve as a souvenir of the day on which America was made a free country.

hatched.

MANUEL—Near Sonoma, July 4, to the wife of Harvey S. Manuel a daughter.

RUBKE—At Shellville, July 3, 1890, to the wife of H. Rubke, a daughter.

DULEY—Near Sonoma, July 1, 1890. to the wife of Nicholas Duley, a daughter.

Matched.

FONTANA-WILSON—In San Francisco, July 2, 1890, by Rev. Wm. Bolton, Carlo Rowland Fontana and Miss Rosa Wilson.

Dispatched.

PICKLES(a parrot)—At Locust Grove, June 20, 1890. Interment took place June 22, 1890.

COMMUNICATION.

Editors RAY:—

I think it is the desire of every Californian to visit the Yo Semite Valley. It becomes almost a duty if he is ambitious of extending his sight-seeing beyond his native state; in fact, many Californians after returning from a trip to the East, have declared that, never again, would they leave the borders of their state without, at least, having visited the Valley.

With these dreadful examples before our eyes, and realizing full well all the discomfort of their position, we therefore hailed with delight an opportunity afforded us of viewing for ourselves this wonderful region.

It was not our desire to go by prosaic steam, but in the more ideal way of a coach and four!

Since our return, we find that an account of this mode of sight-seeing awakens much interest. Among the subscribers of the wide-awake and invaluable RAY are doubtless some who may gain a few hints and sufficient encouragement to go and do likewise.

On Friday morning, May 30th, twelve adults and two children assembled at Berkeley. Mr. M., the energetic head of the party, had stowed away in a wonderfully systematic manner, tents, blankets, provender, tinware, etc. Our vehicle had a top with cur-

tains which could be lowered when necessary, and two steps at the back; the seats running along the sides, each contained seating capacity for five. The two remaining members of the party sat in front, one of whom was pilot as well as driver with three essentials, map, compass, and reins. When all was ready, with lively cheers and halloos from our friends, interested spectators, and ourselves, we dash off.

On through the pretty towns of Oakland, San Leandro, and Haywards, drawing undisguised looks of interest from all passers by, to a clear, little water-course just beyond where we descend to dispatch our lunch.

On once more, and continuing during that afternoon until the next point, Livermore, is reached which we rapidly traverse and immerse into the country again, searching as we go for a good halting place; the sun now is quite low and our thoughts will persistently dwell on creature comforts.

At 6.30, we stop at a ranch and find in possession, a right jolly Teuton, a true representative of the Fatherland, who gives cordial assent to our request for an abiding place for the night. The presence of so many ladies dazzles and charms our host who very frankly confesses his state of mind both in looks and words and follows it up with a still more interesting statement—he is a widower! Evidently to him a grand

opportunity has come and he is not slow in perceiving it. Hermann and Emma, Wilhelm and Gretchen, the four motherless chicks, are called out and introduced, the beautiful horses are displayed, but alas! it is of no avail.

Our tents having been pitched, and supper eaten, we break the stillness by singing numerous melodies among which are in compliment to our host, "The Watch on the Rhine," "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Like a true Teuton, he is in his native heath, and, in a rich baritone, gives song for song.

We next explore the spacious barn filled to the top with new-mown hay, and enthusiastically declare it the finest resting place in the world. Permission being granted to our request to occupy it, we ladies merrily ascend into the loft, and are heard to announce that, at last, one of life's long wishes will be realized.

The following morning, bright and early, breakfast is prepared by Mary, our cook, who is one of Erin's daughters. Mary possessed a musical soul also, and many a mile did she beguile for us by her old country ballads, the favorite being, "The Fair Maid Milking Her Cow." It had a minor strain, peculiarly weird, each verse ending in one long drawn note. One thing must be said in her favor, where she excelled the rest of the goodly company most of whom had voices of excellent quality,

she knew her lines, were they ten, or were they a hundred.

Breakfast over, and tents, blankets, and kitchen-ware safely packed, we are up and away. Through Altamont, Greenville—refreshment for man and beast settlements—to Tracy where we arrive at 11.20 A. M., and are dismayed to find we cannot continue by coach but must remain until Sunday evening in order to take the train to cross the San Joaquin river. However, we learn that by driving to Banta in the morning, we may proceed earlier. We do so and there witness the immense amount of overflow from the river. It spreads, including the river itself, over seven miles of territory, here and there, partially submerged, are houses, barns, fences, and trees; on bits of high ground are stranded cattle, also bodies of the same floating about. The railroad track is built on a raised embankment of earth, and thus escapes being washed away by these periodical overflows.

We arrive at Lathrop, and once more entering our coach after a few hours' rest, we continue, passing through the uninteresting settlements of Ripon and Salido, and crossing the quiet Stanislaus river into Stanislaus Co. At 4.30 we reach Modesto, the handsomest town, after leaving Alameda Co., on our route. It is situated in the midst of the grain producing country. The two counties, San Joaquin and

Stanislaus, are vast grain fields with clumps of trees, usually locust, dotting the yellow surface, and invariably indicating the dwelling places of the residents.

At 6 P. M., we halt at Mr. Beard's ranch where we are kindly allowed to pitch our tents and make ourselves comfortable for the night. Exceedingly windy here as it has been all along the route.

On Monday, we pass Waterford, cross the Tuolumne over handsome bridge, and stop at an interesting farm house to negotiate for milk. Are invited to enter and spread our lunch on the kitchen table where we regale ourselves. Up and away again!

We now find ourselves in a different kind of country, with stony roads, barren soil, and but sparsely populated. Receive the information that we are passing through a deserted hydraulic mining region. Pass at one place quite an encampment of men busily occupied in digging numerous trenches or irrigating canals. At 5.20 we reach La Grange, a mining town, and all that that name implies. For the first time since our departure, we occupy rooms in the hotel, and what a luxury those low, rickety, six by eight apartments seem! A wash! Grand! A bed! Delightful!

Up at five, and back to the place where the coach and gentlemen had been stationed for the night. The

horses, as well as the ladies, had had the best that the town afforded. Breakfast completed, likewise the packing we occupy the coach, now like a home to us, and in joyful tones bid La Grange farewell.

At 4.45 P. M., we reach Coulterville, a pretty little town nestling at the base of several mountains. Its location shelters it from the wind, a potent fact with us who have had much to endure from old Boreas thus far on our way.

We are now in Mariposa Co., a place of unceasing charm to the eye; its rugged beauty of mountain and forest, numerous splashing and sparkling rivulets, bewildering variety and masses of wild flowers, and, last but not least, the extraordinary number of butterflies (after which it is named, Mariposa being the Spanish appellation for the same) call forth never tiring exclamations of delight. We revel, too, in the thought of being so near our destination; but little we dream of what there lies before us. Afterwards, we descend feelingly on the truth contained in that wise old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

7.40 A. M. reveals us casting farewell glances from our home, the coach, back at Coulterville, while we slowly ascend the first steep incline. Soon it becomes more precipitous, so much so, we must aid the horses' efforts by lightening the load. We therefore step out and

take up our line of march. Up, up, we go for three, long, weary miles, resting occasionally under a pine, or stopping to quench our thirst at a crystal stream. At noon, we throw our aching and heated forms in chairs, stationed under the cool, locust-shaded porch of a Frenchman's domicile. After refreshing ourselves, we visit a cave, known as Bower Cave, not far from the house. It is 125 ft. by 137 ft. with a pool 45 ft. deep. A flight of sixty steps leads down into it; the sunlight penetrates one section.

Off once more, with more mountains to conquer. At every turn in the road, we exclaim: "That must be the top!" Our spirits revive, we move briskly on, and lo! it is but the turn and the base of another incline. Thus we pass the afternoon, hope alternately rising and sinking; the sun lowers and a dull wonder when the end will be takes possession.

At 7 o'clock, near the summit, we behold a cabin. We advance upon the occupant, weary and entreating, and beg a corner in house or barn. With the hospitality of Spanish days in our history, he bids us make use of the entire house; it is ours. A charge upon the kitchen, and Mary, with willing assistants, soon has supper smoking upon the table. Hunger being an excellent sauce, ample justice is done the meal. An adjournment to the sitting-

room follows, when, in various attitudes before the huge open fire-place ablaze with glowing logs, we converse for an hour. Our host tells us of the 16 ft. of snow surrounding his place last winter, and of the scarcity of provisions. He gladdens our hearts by the pleasant information that our destination can be reached early the following afternoon, and that—far pleasanter still— but a short, half-hour's walk is before us.

Our nodding heads bring a change upon the cheerful scene; preparations for the night are now in progress. The ladies spread their blankets upon the floor, and hard as are these beds, sleep is not long in coming, for utter exhaustion is ours. Twenty-five miles had been traversed that day; ten of them on foot!

Merrily in the cool and fragrant morn we set out on our jaunt, for are we not almost there? Is not the dustless road through the grand old forest a delight? Soon, as predicted, we reach the top; there we take the coach and, as heretofore, it had been a continual ascent, now it is a continuous descent. We drive through snow; one drift being deeper, and having lodged in the hollow of the road, holds us fast. The horses make one big, strong effort, the only result therefrom being a break in the traces. This is repaired; a spade is produced, and the wheels freed from the snow. One more effort and we are successful.

At 3 P. M., toll is paid at the toll-gate; at 3.10, we are at the Cascade Falls where we wait an hour to have hewn and removed, a huge log from our path-way; besides this, a tumbling, foaming, rocky stream must be forded. The gentlemen do so, one at a time, on the toll-keeper's horse; the ladies remain in the coach, uneasiness expressing itself in their countenances; tourists on the opposite bank as spectators, a sympathizing one remarking, "How tired they look!"

The Valley—our Mecca—at last! Can it be that we are really there! Indeed like worn and weary pilgrims do we feel; and, like pilgrims, when they have reached their haven, do we strain our eyes to behold those scenes long dreamt of, portrayed on every side, in every light, whose beauty has defied the pen to define, or the brush to transfer.

Our stay of one week in the Valley is occupied in the usual manner, going over trails and visiting points of interest.

I shall not detail our return trip which is very similar to our ingoing one with only one exception, the taking of the Stockton boat, resulting in less fatigue and proving a pleasant change.

No doubt such a trip is an undesirable one for feeble constitutions, and exceedingly trying to those blessed with abundant health; but he who has taken

it will have a better knowledge of the surrounding country, will taste such water as never in his imagination he has conceived of, will have glorious memories of skies, flowers, forests, cliffs; and finally will always remain to him, a source of infinite pleasure and gratification.

—PED. PON.

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A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A Pleasant Party Given At the Bates Residence.

A hay wagon, containing a number of young people, drove to the residence of Miss Pauline Bates, near Sonoma, on last Wednesday, July 2, at 9.00 P. M. They assembled, for the purpose of paying homage, to the above young lady in commemoration of her —th birthday.

Dancing, music, and sundry games were indulged in until about 11.00 P. M. The party then adjourned to the dining-room, where a large quantity of inviting refreshments were awaiting them. After partaking to their hearts' content, amusement was again renewed with additional vigor until 1.30 A. M., when the merry party dispersed, all agreeing it was one of the pleasantest evenings they had ever spent.

LOCUST GROVE

Dr. Fred Lane and chips bob up serenely.

Miss Mitchell appeared in another apron today.

The belle of this season is a charming petite chataine from East Oakland.

"The Master" paid us a short but uproarious visit Friday. As usual, dodging was the order of the day.

Our artist, Ponderosity, and the Mayfield Beauty, rode over to Rhine Farm, Wednesday evening after dinner, returning by moonlight.

William is hard hit; now most people will not understand what this means; but by applying to 1449 McAlister St., the writer will furnish sufficient to write a book on the subject.

LOST, on the road between Shellville and Sonoma, or in the neighborhood of Locust Grove, a plain gold ring made from an English sovereign. Finder will please return same to this office.

This week's arrivals:—Mrs. and Miss Mallory, Mr. and Mrs. Goodfellow, the Misses Lindberg and Messrs. Martin, Bioletti, Buckleton, Greathead and son, F. J. and G. W. Lane, W. Strauch, and Henry Hanson.

A new fortune teller has just come to the surface. Though a mariner by profession and a former resident of the

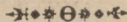
Grove, his talent was unsuspected. In an unguarded moment, he confessed. A hurricane of gentle maidens took that poor, sea-faring man and swept him into the parlor where he was hemmed in until 11 P. M.

Mr E. E. Buckleton claims to have a Palace appetite, but a What Cheer purse. This startling and somewhat open confession reminds us of the time when our gallant friend ordered a pint of Mum's Extra Dry, and discovered that he was the possessor of only five cents. A cold perspiration appeared on his forehead; his hair almost stood on end; and with a groan he muttered:—"Although I have a champagne tendency, yet fate decides that my thirst shall be quenched with beer."

One of our staff while taking his usual ramble on the road between Sonoma and Shellville, met, on last Thursday evening, a gentleman, solitary and sanctimonious in appearance. He abruptly stopped, and in a confidential tone, inquired whether there was any place in the neighborhood, where he could obtain comfortable quarters in exchange for his moral examples.

We are unable at this moment to recall to our memory any person, who considers his religious training equal to room and board; but if any of our readers can do so they will confer a favor by sending full particulars to this office.

A LIBERAL OFFER.



Those desiring to take part in the following offer must send a fee of 5 cts.

The person naming the most appropriate title for the above picture shall receive as a prize 75 % of the competition fees.

Persons, desiring to send more than one answer, may do so by enclosing 5 cts. for each additional attempt.

All answers must arrive at this office, on or before Friday Aug. 1, 1890.

We cordially invite intending competitors to witness the decision, which shall be made by six impartial judges, at this office, at 11.30 a. m., on Aug. 3, 1890.

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